THE ELIZABETH-CITY STAR
AND
North Carolina Eastern Intelligencer.

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TERMS.

☞ *No paper discontinued till directions to that effect are given, and arrearages paid, but at the option of the Editor.*

☞ *Advertisements of no more length than breadth, neatly inserted three times for a dollar, and twenty five cents for each continuance; longer ones in the same proportion.*

☞ *Advertisements will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly, unless otherwise marked by the writers. No advertisement will be inserted for less than one dollar.*

☞ *Persons at a distance must accompany their advertisements with the money, or they will not be inserted.*

☞ *Letters addressed to the Editor must be postpaid, or they will not be lifted.*

Dry Goods, Groceries, &c.

The Subscriber has now on hand an extensive and general assortment of Dry Goods, and a complete assortment of Groceries, viz.
Flour, Rum, Brandy, Whiskey,
Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Molasses,
Raisins, Cheese, Chocolate,
Tobacco, Salt, &c. &c.

ALSO,

100 bbls. Newark Cider,
50 do. Apples,
A few choice lot of Westphalia HAMS,
Just received a few boxes of excellent leather SHOES, mens, womens and boys &c.

Mathew Cluff

Elizabeth-City, Jan. 20.

JUST RECEIVED

By the schr. New Sophronia, from Grenada

19 puncheons Rum,
25 do. molasses, prime quality.

Also, by Schr. Gen. Warren, Vinal, from Boston, and sloop Mary, Simmons, from Providence, R. I.

25 bbls N. E. Rum,
500 bushels Irish Potatoes,
10 bbls. Onions,

ALSO, AFLOAT,

1500 bushels Cadiz Salt,
Rice, Molasses, Coffee and Sugar. *For Sale by*

A. Fobes, jun.

Fobesville, Jan. 20

Peter H. Clarke,

Merchant Tailor,

Respectfully informs the inhabitants of Elizabeth-City and its vicinity, that he has established himself in this place, in the above business, in the Store adjoining Mr. Mathew Cluff, where he will be happy to serve all those who may favor him with their patronage.

march 3. Bt

JUST RECEIVED

Per Schooner Enterprize Carr,

1400 Bushels coarse Salt,

and by Schooner Polly Rider, Dunlap, from Martinique,

30 Hogsheads of prime retailing Molasses,

Also by Schooner Debenture from Charleston,

800 Bushels Liverpool Salt,
10 bbls. Apple Brandy,
10 do. Whiskey,
6 do. Rum,
Bags of Coffee,
Barrels of Sugar,
Hogsheads of Molasses,
5 boxes Shoes, (assorted,)
Cognac Brandy,
Half barrels of Sounds,
For sale by

A. Fobes, jun.

Wanted to Purchase

Or to hire for the year, a middle aged negro Woman without children, who can Cook, Wash and Iron; for which a liberal price will be given. Enquire at this Office.

January 20.

Bills of Lading and Shipping Articles for sale at this Office.

W. BECKWITH

Has removed to Elizabeth-City, with the view to resume the Law Practice; he will attend the Courts of this and the adjoining counties, and expects to give his attention exclusively to his professional duties.

Elizabeth-City, Feb 24. Tf

5 Dollars Reward,

Will be given, for the apprehension of a Negro Woman named Lucy, who ranaway from the subscriber in January last. The said Lucy is about 36 years of age, and of a yellowish complexion, she has lost some of her front teeth, and is very fond of talking when under the influence of liquor, which is often the case.—She formerly belonged to a Mr. Grice of Pasquotank County, and has relations near Elizabeth-City, where no doubt she may be found.

All persons are hereby forwarned from harboring or carrying away the said slave under the penalty of the law. The above reward will be paid on her delivery or confinement in any Jail so that I get her again.

Catharine Gardener.

Edenton, March 3.—10.

STOLEN.

From my stable on the night of the 27th ult. a light SORREL HORSE, about common size, with a large blaze in the face; one of his hips (believed to be the left) has been dislocated when a colt, which is now perceptible. I will give TWENTY DOLLARS to any person who will apprehend the thief and horse, or Ten Dollars for the horse alone, if not injured.

JONATHAN SAWYER.

Pasquotank county, near Elizabeth-City.
march 3. Bt

Reduced Prices!

William Lyon, Tailor,

Takes this method to inform the public that he will in future execute work at the following *reduced prices*:

Making Frock and Dress Coats	$5 00
" *Short Cloth do.*	4 00
" *Summer or Homespun do.*	3 00

Pantaloons, Vests, &c. in proportion. And he assures his friends that he will use every exertion to give satisfaction.

Elizabeth-City, Feb. 24 Tf

Fresh Garden Seed

Just received and for sale by
WM. D. GORDAN, Agent.
Elizabeth-City, Feb. 3

New and Fashionable
CLOTHING STORE.

Hartshorns & Pickett,

Merchant Tailors,

Have taken the store opposite Mr. Fearing's Grocery, where they intend to carry on the Tailoring Business in its various branches. Should clothes sold and made by them not fit, they can be returned and the money cheerfully refunded.

ON HAND,

An assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, and Trimmings.

Elizabeth-City, Feb. 24. Tf

Alpheus Fobes, jun.

Offers for sale, the cargo of schr. Cordelia, Capt. Etheredge, from St. Martins, consisting of RUM, SUGAR, MOLASSES and SALT.

Elizabeth-City, Feb. 17.

SALT.

400 Bushels Liverpool coarse Salt. For sale by

Wright & Williams

Elizabeth-City, Feb. 3.

NOTICE.

Mrs. Albertson takes this method to inform the public, that she has opened the House (formerly the City Hotel in Elizabeth-City) as a House of

Private Entertainment and Boarding House,

where genteel travellers and their horses can be accommodated, and a few boarders by the month or year. She will also receive a few Children, students at the Academy, as boarders, if offered.

Elizabeth-City, Sept. 9.

RECEIVED

By schr. Mary Frances, Stevens, from Porto Rico.

13 Hhds. 16 bls. } Prime retailing Sugar.

For sale by

Alpheus Fobes, jr.

Elizabeth-City, March 10.

MASONIC.

Eastern Lodge meets in Elizabeth-City the first and third Mondays in every month, and the Harmony Chapter meets the second and fourth Mondays.

Farmer's Repository.

On the importance of Industry and Economy, and on the management of Land,

With a view to net profit and permanent improvement, by Earl Stimson, Esq of Galway, Saratoga county, New-York.

[It will be sufficient to insure attention to what follows, that it is known to come from the pen, and to be bottomed on the experience of Earl Stimson, Esq whose success, as a practical farmer, has been already made known to the readers of this journal. There may be some repetition in the facts now given, but they are facts of such value as bear to be repeated; and moreover there are in this address interesting views not before presented. We hold it however to be our duty to warn the reader, from personal observation of Mr. Stimson's soil and climate, that in our so much more arid region of country, the same processes would not lead to the same profitable results. Still, by the pursuit of his plans, and the observance of his maxims, there is enough to stimulate exertion and to justify the confident expectation of ample reward.—The extract is from an address delivered to the Saratoga County Agricultural Society, in Oct. 1823.]

[American Farmer.

I TRUST that I shall be heard with indulgence, whilst I direct your attention for a few moments to some general remarks on industry, and economy, accompanied with some observations on practical husbandry.

Industry and economy combined, form the true philosopher's, stone which turns all into gold. Without these essential qualifications, no one can be a respectable, or an useful member of society.—They are, therefore, among those principles which should be instilled into the child from its earliest infancy. They most generally exist together, and are both so indispensably necessary to success in any pursuit of life, that where one is wanting the other, for all practical purposes, may as well be absent. For without industry, economy will be of no avail. And without economy, the fruits of industry are soon wasted. Man being formed for action, and duties always devoling upon him, industry and economy cannot be dispensed with, in any situation in which he can be placed. It is the want of these, that prevents the success of so many in the various mechanical branches, as well as in the learned professions—and it is the primary cause, which calls in the aid of the insolvent law to close up the concerns of so many in the mercantile world.

The indolent person soon loses the confidence, and of course, the patronage of his employers, and poverty and disgrace are the final and inevitable result. But in no one, are the unhappy effects which result from the want of these, more apparent than in the cultivator of the soil. The indolent farmer exhibits his own disgrace to every passing traveller; and brings forcibly to the mind even of a stranger, the words of the wise man—"I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding, and lo it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down." How true is the picture which Solomon here gives of what daily falls under our own observation. How often do we see a farm susceptible of a high state of cultivation, and which might, with any thing of industry and economy, be a source of wealth to its possessor—how often do we see it grown over with bushes, briars, thistles, and every hurtful weed—the fields badly arranged, the fences out of repair, the land half tilled, the barn doors broken from their hinges, and the windows of the house filled with hats, presenting any idea but that of comfort.

On a nearer examination, the picture is still darkened. Look at his stock, his out houses, his implements of husbandry;—every thing is poor and out of its place. Enter his dwelling—*his home*, that sacred place, in which are to be found the only fruits of EDEN which have survived the fall—Is domestic peace and happiness ever found within, where neglect and ruin are without? Does not every thing wear the same aspect—and is there not inscribed on every thing on which the eye can rest, indolence and waste?

Reverse the picture, and what can be presented more agreeable, what can be accompanied with more pleasing ideas. Look at the farm of the man who is diligent in his business, and prudent in his concerns—his own spirit is infused into every thing around him—every thing is in repair, every thing is in its place, every thing is in its season;—every thing evinces that the master's eye has seen and directed all his concerns—and that he hath remembered and practised the adage—

"He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

On a nearer examination, we find his fields well arranged and productive, his crops clean, and of the best quality, and secured in season under cover, instead of being exposed to the weather in stacks, as is too frequently the case, to the great loss of the farmer, both in the crop itself, and in the manure of which it might be productive—we find his cattle well fed—in good condition—and *often* better sheltered than the *family* of the slothful.—Enter his dwelling, it is the habitation of plenty—the store house of the dairy and the loom—and his fire-side, that calm and domestic one, where the farmer in the bosom of his family, finds not only rest from his toil, but the richest reward of his labor.

Since we are assembled for the purpose of mutually receiving and communicating instruction, and stimulating each other in that pursuit, which was the first, and is still the most honorable employment of man—it will be expected that something will be said more particularly on the cultivation of the soil. Agriculture embraces in its widest sense too many subjects to admit of a description in detail, within the limits of a single discourse. Division and fencing of a farm, the proper mode of tillage—draining and watering of land—the rotation of crops—kitchen gardening, that important, tho' much neglected subject—the planting and cultivating of fruit trees—different kinds of manures and their application—the raising and fatting cattle—the form and construction of farming utensils—the most proper mode of building, both as it respects the form and materials—and the different kinds of domestic manufactures, would furnish matter for an useful discourse; but without descending to any particular discussion on any one of these subjects, suffice it to say, that a knowledge of them all will be sought by the practical farmer. But permit me in compliance with the request of several gentlemen, briefly to subjoin a statement of what I have found to be the most successful and profitable mode of cultivating the farm which I have taken under my immediate care, and upon which I have tried a number of experiments.

The soil of this land is a brown loam, lying on a stratum of lime and sand stone, at the depth of from three to six feet, projecting out of the ground occasionally on the brink of ridges. The surface was covered with round hard stone, sufficient, when put into half wall with posts and rails, to enclose it in lots from five to ten acres. The original timber was principally beech and maple, mixed with bass wood, elm, and hemlock. The whole farm was interspersed with spots low and springy. When first cleared, the dry land was productive both in grain and grass.

It was occupied as four small farms, previous to its coming into my possession, and had been so often croped without seeding down to grass or being supplied with manure, as to become in a great measure unproductive, not yielding the occupants on an average more than twenty bushels of grain or one ton of hay per acre.

Little or no attention had been paid to the arrangement of the lots—the fences were in a decayed state, and the buildings much out of repair, and the whole was much covered with old logs, stumps, stones, hedges of briars, unprofitable bushes and weeds. For the first four or five years after part of this land came into my possession, I pursued the common way of farming, and half ploughed and harrowed my land over the stones, and around the logs & bushes—summer fallowed at the loss of one crop, and ploughed in what little manure I saved five or six inches deep. I laid out much labor and got small crops.

Tilling my land with hired hands, I found on posting my account, it was running me in debt, instead of being a source of profit. This induced me to try some other method, and after several experiments, having for their object the economy of labour, the procuring and application of manure, and the rotation of crops—the following has proved the most successful.

In the first place, I drew a plan on paper, arranging the land into square and convenient lots, containing from five to ten acres, having an eye to the convenience of water for each field, and to the transportation of its produce to the barn, where it was to be housed, but with no regard to the unevenness of the surface or the swales of springy land. This land cost about twenty-eight dollars per acre. I commenced fitting the lots, and continued year after year in succession. The management of one may be taken as a specimen of the whole.

(To be continued.)

A gentleman of Henley-on-Thames offered a farmer when at that market, a dinner and a bottle of wine, if he would bring him a grain of wheat on the following market-day, and double the quantity each week until that day twelvemonth. This was accepted to for the moment: but the following statement will, perhaps, satisfy those who have never entered into any similar calculations; of the impossibility of fulfilling such an engagement: Amount of the number of grains, 4,503,599,627,370,494
Number of bushels, 12,509,998,964
Do. of quarters, 1,563,749,870
Do. of loads, 312,749,974

Recipe to pickle Beef, Pork, &c. and to keep meat good in the hottest climates.—To four gallons of water, add one pound and a half of Muscovado sugar, two ounces of saltpetre, and six pounds of bay or common salt. Put the whole into a clean pot, or kettle, and let it boil, being careful to take off all the scum as it rises. When there is no scum, take the liquor off, and let it stand till cold; having put the meat you wish to preserve into the vessel you intend to keep it in, pour in the liquor till the meat is quite covered, in which condition it must be kept.

If you intend to preserve your meat a considerable time, it will be necessary, once in two months, to boil the pickle over, again clearing off the scum that rises, and putting in, when boiling, two ounces of sugar, and a half pound of common salt. Thus the pickle will hold good for twelve months. It is incomparable for curing hams, neats, tongues, or beef which you intend to dry; observing, when you take them out of the pickle, first to clean and dry them, put them in paper bags, and hang them in a dry, warm place.

SELECTED FOR THE STAR.

A Passionate Father's Remorse.

Concluded.

August the 15th.

This day I have passed some hours with my poor boy. He is changed indeed. All his manliness of character is gone! he has become timid and feeble as a delicate girl. He shrinks from all exertion, he dislikes bodily exercise.—The weather was so delightful this morning that I took Maurice out into the park; he gazed round upon the sky, and the trees, and the grass, as if he had never looked upon them before. The boy wondered on with me beyond the boundaries of the park into the forest; he made me sit down with him on the bank of a narrow brook, and there he amused himself with plucking the little flowers that grew about in the grass, and flinging them into the water. As we sat there, I heard afar off the sounds of huntsmen; soon after a young stag came bounding over the hill before us, and crossed the stream within twenty yards of the spot where we sat. The whole heart of the boy would once have leaped within him to follow in the boldest daring of the chase; but now he lifted up his head, and stared at the stag with a look of vacant astonishment. The whole hunt, with the full wish and cry of its noisy sport, came near. Up sprang the boy all pouting, and ghastly with terror. "Make haste, make haste," he cried out, as I rose; "take me away:" he threw his arms round me, and I felt the violent beating of his heart as he clung to me. I would have hurried him away; but as the dogs and the huntsmen came up close to us, the boy lost all power of moving. I felt him hang heavily on me, and, raising his face from my shoulder, I said that he had fainted. I took him in my arms and carried him along the banks of the stream till we were far from all sight and sound of the chase; and then I laid him on the grass, and bathed his face and hands with water.—He recovered slowly, and lay for some minutes leaning his head on my bosom, and weeping quietly; his tears relieved him, and he fell asleep—I raised him again in my arms, and carried him still asleep to his chamber.

August the 19th.

My poor injured child loves me. I cannot tell why, but for the last few days he has seemed happier with me than any other person. He will even leave his mother to follow me. I feel as if my life were bound up in him; and yet to look on him is to me a penance, at times almost too dreadful to be borne. How he did sit and smile to-day among the books, for whose knowledge his fine ardent mind once thirsted! They are nothing to him now—he had been before amusing himself by watching the swallows which were flying and twitering about the windows. Taking up a book, I tried to read. Maurice left the window, and sat down on a low seat where he had been used to learn his lesson. He placed a book on the desk before him, and pretended to read: he looked up, and our eyes met. Again he bent his head over the volume: I had a faint hope that he was really reading; and, passing softly across the room, I looked over his shoulder. The pages were turned upside down before him, and he smiled on me with his new, his idiot smile: he smiled so long, that I almost felt as if wished to give a meaning to his look, and mock the anguish which rung my heart.

August the 20th.

I had ordered the Arabian horse to be turned out, and this morning I took Maurice to the meadow where Selim was grazing. The little courser raised up its head as we approached, and, recognising its master came towards us. Maurice had not noticed the horse before, but there he retreated fearfully, walking backwards. The sagacious animal still advanced, and, turning quickly, the boy fled from him; but the sportive creature still followed, cantering swiftly after him—Maurice shrieked loudly like a terrified girl. Groaning with the heaviness of my grief, I drove away the once favorite horse of my poor idiot boy.

August the 28th.

Oh! how is it that the simple occurrences of every passing day now bring with them some trial to my troubled soul? One moment of ungoverned rage hath poisoned the cup of human existence to me. It might be supposed that little circumstances would not be felt by one whose whole mind is engrossed by one overwhelming affliction, whose whole life is but one thought of mingled remorse and degradation. I am even watchful for great trials, but my feelings are no longer deadened: every nerve is trembling alive, and quivers with thrilling agony even beneath a breath. Yesterday my wife having occasion to go to D——m, ordered the coach; she did not intend to take Maurice with her, but the poor boy, when from the window of the hall he saw her enter the coach, ran quickly to the door, and was seated by her side ere we could stop him. She gently entreated him to return to my mother, who stood in the porch also beseeching him; but he refused steadily, without speaking, only clasping his mothers arm, and slowly shaking his head; then he wept in so piteous a manner that they left off speaking to him, and the coachman drove away, I riding by the side of the coach. My horse lost a shoe as I entered D—m; I therefore dismounted, and leaving the horse in the care of my groom, walked into the town, refusing my wife's invitation to take a seat in the coach; for I had many trifling affairs to transact (as well as herself,) which might have detained us longer than we wished. While I was in a cutler's shop there, two women entered, one of whom was speaking in loud and indignant tones. Seeing the master of the shop engaged in serving me, they remained standing at the door, waiting leisure. These women were strangers to me; but I heard myself named, and then could not avoid listening to their words, "I saw his silly face," said one of them: "I stood by the coach ere now, and saw him press his lips, and flatten his nose against the window of the coach, and then he drew faces with his thin finger on the mist which he had breathed upon the glass. I wished to see the sickly creature, for they say he cant live long, since the horrid father gave him that blow on the head. I got one to point out the coach to me; and in it, sure enough, I soon saw the poor boy. My lady, his mother, looks half broken hearted: no one could mistake the one or the other. That Lord A——l must be a sad brute. Ah! here comes the coach," she continued, "they have let down the glass. See now he leans down his cheek upon the top of the window, and looks out sideways just as a babe would do. Ah, poor lad! sure enough he wont live; he is wasted away to nothing but skin and bone. Now I don't know what to call his father but a murderer." This was too much. I had for some little time scarcely heeded the man who was attending on me; I looked up, and beheld his face, all expressive of sincerest pity, turned full upon me; he would have spoken, but my glance stopped him. I drew my hat over my eyes, and walked towards the door, but as I advanced, the voice of the other woman met my ear; she also pronounced my name, but with all that tenderness and balm-like sympathy which dwells only in womanhood. I cannot remember her words, but the tone went at once to my heart, and quite overset me. I walked out of the shop, weeping aloud.

Sunday, September the 7th.

I have just returned from divine service in the chapel attached to my house. While the chaplain was reading the psalms, Maurice walked softly down the aisle and entered my pew. He stood before me with his eyes fixed on my face. Whenever I raised my eyes, I met that fixed but vacant gaze. My heart melted within me, and I felt tears rush into my eyes—his sweet but vacant look must often be present with me—it seemed to appeal to me, it seemed to ask for my prayers. Sinner that I am, I dare to think so. It must be to all an affecting sight to see an idiot in the house of God. It must be a rebuke to hardened hearts, to hearts too cold and careless to worship there; it must be a rebuke to know that one heart is not *unwilling*, but *unable* to pray.

Bitterly I felt this as I looked upon my child. He stood before me, a rebuke to all the coldness and carelessness which had mingled with my prayers. His vacant features seemed to say, "you have a mind whose powers are not confused—you have a heart to feel, to pray, to praise, and to bless God. The means of grace are daily given to you, the hopes of glory are daily visible to you." O God! my child stood before me as a more awful rebuke sent from Thee! Did not his vacant look say also, "Look upon the wreck which your dreadful passions have made? Think upon what *I was?* Think upon what *I am?*" With a broken heart, I listened to the words of life; for while I listened, my poor idiot child leaned upon me, and seemed to listen too—When I bowed my head at the name of Jesus, the poor boy bowed his. They all knelt down; but just then, I was lost in the thoughtfulness of my despair: My son clasped my hand, and when I looked round, I perceived that we alone were standing in the midst of the congregation. He looked me earnestly in the face, and kneeling down, he tried to pull me to kneel beside him. He seemed to invite me to pray for him; I did fall on my knees to pray for him, and for myself; and I rose up, hoping that, for my Saviour's sake, my prayers were heard, and trusting that our Heavenly Father feedeth my helpless child with spiritual food that we know not of.

Explosion at Port-au-Prince.—We have been favored with the perusal of a letter dated the 6th of February, from a French gentleman resident at Port-au-Prince, to his father in this city, by which it appears, that the State Arsenal, a building of the size of the City Hall, in New-York, was blown up on the morning of the 2d inst. On delivering a quantity of powder at the Arsenal some of the workmen were driving nails into the barrels with an iron hammer, in order to fasten the hoops. In doing this fire was communicated to four thousand pounds of powder, the Arsenal was blown into the air, and forty men who were in it, including officers, guards, and workmen, were carried to the distance of two hundred paces and killed. The whole loss occasioned by the explosion and fire is estimated at three millions of dollars. President Boyer had left the Arsenal just before the accident. "It is fortunate" says the writer, "that his life was saved, for otherwise we should have had a terrible revolution."—[*N. Y. Ev. Post.*

From the Raleigh Star.

The Supreme Court of this State adjourned on the 21st ultimo, after a session of 8 weeks. The following is a list of the cases decided during the term of the Court:

William Falls and others *vs.* Hugh Torrence and James Keer's adm'rs, from Iredell. In Equity. Decree according to the report of the Clerk and Master of Iredell, except as to interest on the hire and profits of Negroes, which question is reserved for further consideration.

Pilgrim S. Williams *vs.* Micajah Ricks and others, from Nash. In Equity. Bill dismissed without costs.

Micajah Ricks *vs.* Executors and Legatees of Roland Williams, from Nash. In Equity. Interlocutory order of the court below reversed. Referred to the Master to take an account.

Wm. Bryan, jr. and others *vs.* the Executors and Trustees of Moses Griffin, from Johnston. In Equity. *Curia advisara vult.*

Wm. Croom, executor of Bryan Whitfield *vs.* Wm. Herring and wife and others, legatees, &c. from Lenoir. In equity. Order of reference renewed, by adding the clerk of this court to the commissioner chosen by the parties.

Robert H. Wynne and wife *vs.* Peyton R. Tunstall, from Halifax. In equity. Decree for the complainants.

Leroy Stow *vs.* the heirs and devisees of Nathan Ford, deceased, from Lincoln. The interlocutory order of this court, ordering a partition of the lands reserved, and the cause remanded to the Superior Court of Lincoln, with instructions to make partition.

Fanny Simms and Samuel Allen *vs.* Creswell Key & others, from Rockingham. In equity. Decree according to Report.

Joseph Davidson, treasurer of public buildings, *vs.* George Robinson, appt. from Iredell. Judgment of the Superior Court reversed, and a new trial granted.

Wm. Drew, attorney general, and others *vs.* Theophilus Hunter, from Wake. In equity. Injunction made perpetual with costs.

Sarah Green *vs.* Wm. Croom, guardian, and Wm. Branton, from Greene. In equity. Remanded to the court below, with leave to take farther testimony.

Elam M. Johnston *vs.* Charles Carson, app't, from Buncombe. Judgment of the Superior Court arrested.

Governor, to the use of county trustee, *vs.* Wm. Burr and others, from Stokes. Judgment of the Superior Court affirmed.

State Bank of North-Carolina *vs.* Henry Hunter's executor and others, app'ls, from Edgecombe. Judgment of the Superior Court affirmed.

Doe on demise of F. Taylor and others *vs* Mary Saunders, app't, from Onslow. Judgment of the Superior Court affirmed.

John Morehead *vs.* Eustace Hunt and others. Same *vs.* same, from Rockingham. In equity. Injunction made perpetual, and contract set aside upon the complainant's re-conveying the lots in dispute by deed of conveyance, to be approved of by the master of this court.

Wm. Hughes *vs.* Eustace Hunt and others from Rockingham. In equity. Injunction dissolved, and bill dismissed with costs.

Thomas Alston, *vs.* Stephen Outerbridge from Franklin. In equity. Injunction made perpetual, upon the complainant's reconveying to the defendant's trustee whatever interest he may have derived under the deed from Fenner to him, and surrendering possession.

Jonathan Stephens *vs* Laban Jones, from Cumberland. Judgment of the Superior Court affirmed.

Joab Alexander *vs.* John R. Hutchinson from Iredell. Judgment of the Superior Court reversed, and a new trial granted.

John Howell *vs.* Martin Elliott, appellant, from Rutherford. Judgment affirmed.

Branch Collins *vs.* Peter Poter, executor of Cader Collins, from Wake. In equity. Referred to the clerk to take an account and report to the next term.

John Neisbitt *vs.* Hugh Montgomery's executors, from Rowan. In equity. Referred to the clerk to take an account of the consideration money with interest up to the present time, deducting the war interest.

Jonathan Chesire *vs.* George Booe and others, from Rowan. In equity. Bill dismissed with costs, except as to the costs of the widow, who pays her own.

John Dick *vs.* Allen Stoker and others, appellants from Montgomery. Judgment of the Superior Court reversed, and new trial granted.

Ambrose Nelson *vs.* Bird Evans, from Rockingham. Judgment of the Superior Court affirmed.

John B. Earle *vs.* Wm. Dickson and C. McDowell, administrators, app'ts, from Burke. Judgment of the Superior Court reversed, and a new trial granted.

John Farrar *vs.* Philip Alston, from Chatham. Judgment of the Superior Court reversed and new trial granted.

Whilip Sturdivant *vs.* Wm. Sturdivant, from Halifax. In equity. Referred to the clerk to take an account.

Archibald Fagan *vs.* Arthur Newsom, from Davidson. Judgment of this Superior Court reversed and new trial granted.

William Moresdy and Wife *vs.* David Bunting, sen. from Sampson. Judgment of the Superior Court affirmed.

Sarah B. Carter *vs.* Solomon Graves, appt. from Caswell. Appeal dismissed.

John Shamburger, appt. *vs.* Alexander Kennedy, adm'r, from Moore. Judgment of the Superior Court affirmed. Rule to set aside the nonsuit discharged.

Margaret M'Donald appt. *vs.* Kenneth Murchison, from Moore. Rule to set aside nonsuit made absolute.

Redmond Crumpler and others, app'ts *vs* the Governor, to the use of the State, from Wake. Judgment of the Superior Court reversed.

Henry Williams *vs.* Daniel Wood, app't. from Rowan. Judgment of the Superior Court affirmed.

John L. Kirk and others, *vs.* Thomas D. Watts, executor, and Josiah Turner, &c. from Orange. In Equiy. Bill dismissed without costs, each party paying their own costs.

Josiah Turner & Thomas D. Watts *vs.* Cape-Fear Navigation Company and others, from Orange. In Equity. Ordered that this cause be remanded to the court below, it having been removed to this court prematurely.

Pasqual P. Ashe *vs.* Cape-Fear Nav. Company, from Orange. In Equity. Same Order.

Child and Clancy *vs.* Cape-Fear Nav. Company, from Orange. In Equity. Same Order.

Josiah Turner *vs.* Samuel Child's ex'rs, from Orange. Judgment of the Superior Court reversed and new trial granted.

A. L. Gomes *vs.* A. Lazarus, from Cumberland. In Equity. Decree of Sale.

Dempsey Taylor *vs.* Ham and Zealous Taylor, from Nash. An abated suit. *Scire facias* to the Defendants to shew cause wherefore they should not pay costs. "Ordered that each party pay their own costs.

STATE CAUSES.

State *vs.* Pender Weeks and Wm. Boggs app't, from Edgecombe Rule for a new trial made absolute.

State *vs.* Jim, a negro slave, from New-Hanover. Judgment arrested.

State *vs.* Curtis Orrell, from New-Hanover. Judgment arrested.

State *vs.* Robert H. Molier, from Buncombe. Ordered that a supœna *duces tecum* issue to the clerk of the Superior Court.

State *vs.* James K. Brown, from Granville. Judgment of the Superior Court affirmed.

From English papers received at Norfolk.

The Liverpool Advertiser of Saturday, 13th January, has the following articles on the subject of the present posture of their relations with this country.

"New York papers to the 6th ult. have been received in Liverpool.

It will probably surprise some of our readers to be informed that policies have been underwritten at Lloyd's in London, at a premium of 15 per cent. to pay 1000l if hostilities take place between Great Britain and America within the ensuing twelve months.

Though we may not perhaps think a war with America much the more probable, because it is made a subject of gambling speculation by the men at Lloyd's, yet the fact that such surmises or apprehensions are entertained, justifies us in entering more into detail with respect to the intelligence contained in the American papers than we commonly do.

THE ISLAND OF CUBA.

It is confidently rumored says the London Public Ledger of 12th January that a small naval armament is about to proceed to the West Indies, consisting of five sail of the line, one 5 gun ship and two frigates. The direction of this squadron has been entrusted to that distinguished officer, Sir T. Hardy, and it will be composed of a detachment from the ships now in the Tagus. The object of this expedition of course, has not been made public, but in private circles it is well known that should a war of principle arise in Europe, the blockade of the Havana will be a primary object with his Majesty's Government. It is therefore not improbable, that anticipating the worst the expedition is directed solely towards the accomplishment of the separation of Cuba from the Mother Country; but whether that most valuable Island is destined to become a Colony of the United Kingdom, or an independent State to be governed by its own laws, must depend on circumstances. In the mean time we are given to understand that no troops are to be embarked in these ships, and that no British soldier will be sent to Cuba, unless at the request of the people. The blockade of Cuba may, and no doubt will, create a good deal of bad feeling on the part of the Government of the U. States of N. America, for their trade with that island is fully as necessary to their military Navy as the New Castle coal trade is to that of the United Kingdoms; but still the position into which the conduct of the bigotted Government of Ferdinand has placed his Majesty's Ministers, ought to form a perfect excuse to the U States of North America, for the necessity, during a season cutting off their lucrative trade with the Havana. Still however, should it not, the British Navy is perfectly sufficient to supply them with perhaps many convincing arguments of the advantages which will result to England from the vigorous measures now happily adopted.

London Morning Chronicle, Jan. 9. Ferdinand Abdicated.—The Constitutionel states upon the authority of its correspondent at Toulouse who had read the article in the *Journal de la Haute Garonne* of the 29th December, that Ferdinand in consequence of a revolt which had taken place headed by the monks, had abdicated in favor of his brother Don Carlos.

Very late from England

NEW-YORK, March 6.

The packet ship New-York, Capt. Bennett, arrived at noon, this day, from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the first of February, and to which date the Editors of the Commercial Advertiser have received copious files of London papers:

MARKETS—We have not received our letters, but we understand that the new cotton which had been selling at 7*d.* was down to 6 7-8 when the New-York sailed.

The Duke of Wellington succeeds the Duke of York in the command of the army, and has announced his intention of retaining the whole of the Dukes' Official Establishment.

The latest advices from Portugal are to the 13th January. The Morning Herald of the 30th, contains a long and interesting letter from a special correspondent sent to Lisbon to furnish information for that paper. According to this letter, the British troops are hated by the lower classes, and have been coldly received by the upper ranks.

The Spanish army was moving upon the Portuguese frontier, and the oxen and mules, &c. on the Portuguese side of the line, had been purchased up and driven into Spain.

Were Spain ever so much disposed to attempt the prostration of the Constitution in Portugal, her energies would be paralized by the discontents of a Constitutional party at home. Indeed, according to letters from Madrid, a column of Constitutionalists, consisting of about 300 men, had landed on the coast of Malaga. The Governor of the Province and the Royalist Volunteers were stated to have gone in pursuit of them, and to have taken thirty-three men, who it is added, were immediately shot.

The French government has actually withdrawn the Swiss regiments from Madrid.

THE GREEKS—By the letter from M. Eynard, at the head of the Greek Committee at Geneva, it appears that the Greek cause is brightening.

The Greek frigate Hope, now called the 'Decatur Millinois,' arrived at Napoli on the 6th of December. She was received with great enthusiasm. Miaulus took command of her, and

the Lausane Gazette says, "that gallant admiral had already, accompanied by the rest of the flotilla, attacked the Egyptian fleet, and captured several vessels laden with ammunition."

The same paper states that M. Eynard has received by way of Ancona, a letter from Spezzia, of December 31, which confirms the complete defeat of Redschid Pacha, and the deliverance of all Upper Greece, from Attica to Thessaly. Karaiskaki, and the other Greek commanders, at the head of a numerous army, are in pursuit of the barbarians.

Another column of Romeliots had entered the Morea, marching against Ibrahim Pacha, who being beaten at every point, had been obliged to quit the Plateau of Trippoliza, and to retreat to Modon

Letters from Marseilles say, that Lord Cochrane is at St. Tropez, arming a brig of 400 tons, and making preparations to join the Greeks with a considerable amount of funds.

A letter is mentioned from Lord Cochrane to the Greek Government, in which he says, that the time is approaching when he will come to their relief, and that he may be expected in the Morea in the month of March.

Elizabeth-City:

Saturday, March 17, 1827.

A Meeting of the Officers and Members of the Phœnix Fire Company is requested at the City Hotel on Thursday evening next, at 7 o'clock.

By order of the Foreman.

Small Pox again—The schooner Fair Play, arrived here on Tuesday last from New-York, the captain of which has been taken with the small pox. The vessel has been ordered off, and now lies a mile from town, so that no danger is apprehended.

Georgia and the U. States—The Governor of Georgia in his official capacity, has assumed a very war-like attitude against the General Government, in relation to the Creek controversy. He bids defiance to the intentions and measures of the National Executive, and has actually ordered out the 6th and 7th division of the Georgia Militia, to repel any hostile invasion of the territory of the State.

Merchants interested in the Colonial trade, are now anxious to ascertain what measures will be adopted by the Executive, upon whom its regulation now devolves. Some are of opinion that a proclamation will be immediately issued to meet the Order in Council, by prohibiting vessels from the British West Indies from entering our ports.—The following remark on the subject appears in the *National Journal*.

"In referring this important subject to Congress; in calling in the aid of legislation to effect that which diplomatic agency had failed to accomplish, the Executive faithfully and discreetly performed his duty, shaping his course according to the spirit of our institutions. Failing in his object, it is now left for him to act upon the high responsibility of his station. To him alone the country must look for the protection of its dignity and its prosperity. If evil should ensue, the nation will not fail to trace it, in part, to the want of that legislative energy and wisdom which the Executive has a right, and is bound to call to his aid, in every difficult emergency. If, under the blessings of Providence, our honor and our interests as a nation shall be preserved from injury, the people will equally well understand to whose prudence and firmness such a happy result must be attributed."

FROM FRANCE.—An arrival at N. York from Havre, brings advices to the 4th of February. It was rumored that the Emperor of Russia was so highly offended at the liberal tone of Mr. Canning's speech on the affairs of Portugal, that he talked of forming a league of European sovereigns against the British Cabinet. Spain is said to be latterly very vigilant in maintaining her neutrality in relation to Portugal—Cotton at Havre dull.

GEORGIA AND THE CREEKS.

Gov Troup has expressed his determination to adhere to the old treaty with the Creek Indians, and President Adams insists that the new treaty shall not be violated. The President says: "That the arm of military force will be resorted to only in the event of the failure of all other expedients provided by the laws, a pledge has been given, by the forbearance to employ it at this time."

Lieut. Vinton as aid to the Commanding General, was despatched by the Secretary of War, who also directed the Marshal of the District of Georgia, to take measures without a moment's delay, for the arrest of all surveyors employed west of the line prescribed by the new treaty.

Gov. Troup, on the receipt of this information, issued orders to the Major Generals of the 6th and 7th divisions of Militia, to hold their troops in readiness to "repel any hostile invasion of the territory of Georgia." and wrote a threatening letter to the Secretary of War, of which the following is an extract:

"Thus, the military character of the menace is established, and I am only at liberty to give it the defiance which it merits. You will distinctly understand, therefore, that I feel it to be my duty to resist to the utmost, any military attack which the Government of the U. States shall think proper to make on the territory, the people, or the sovereignty of Georgia, and all the measures necessary to the performance of this duty, according to our limited means are in progress. From the first decisive act of hostility, you will be considered and treated as a public enemy, and with less repugnance, because you to whom we might constitutionally have appealed for our own defence against invasion, are yourselves the invaders, and what is more, the unblushing allies of the savages, whose cause you have adopted."

AN ACT passed by the Nineteenth Congress, making appropriations for certain Fortifications of the U. States, for the year 1827.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the following sums, and the same are hereby appropriated to wit:—For Fortifications, to each, specifically, as follows:

For Fort Adams, at Brenton's Point, $70,000. For Fort Hamilton, at New-Utrecht Point, $55,000. For Fort Monroe, $90,000. For Fort Calhoun, $55,000. For Fort Macon, at Bogue Point, $15,000. For fort at Oak Island, $25,000 For fort at Mobile Point $70,000 For fort at Chef Menteur, 30,000 dollars. For Fort Jackson, 80,000 dollars. For Repairs and Contingencies, 15,000 dollars.

"For well he knew what *aim* we take,
With our Kentucky rifles.
O, Kentucky! the hunters of Kentucky!"

Pistol vs. Rifle.—It appears that a Duel was near taking place recently in Washington City, between Mr. M'Duffie of S. C. and Mr. Metcalfe of Ky. originating in some expressions used by the former in a letter to the late Committee of Investigation in the case of Vice-President Calhoun—a correspondence ensued, which terminated in Mr. M'Duffie's challenging Mr. Metcalfe. The challenge was accepted, and a proposition made by the latter to use *rifles*, at a distance of 90 feet, he not being accustomed to the *pistol*—this was objected to, on the part of Mr. M'Duffie, who, it was stated, never fired a rifle in his life. Each party insisting on his weapon, the seconds agreed that nothing could be done—and thus the *farce* terminated, after an exhibition conducted with "much urbanity and propriety."

Selected Summary.

We are pleased to learn, from an authentic source, that there is every reason to believe that the negociations with G. Britain, touching the colonial trade, and also to determine the unsettled boundary lines, are in a fair way to be amicably concluded.

[*Baltimore American.*

Virginia again outdone!—A bill has been reported in the Legislature of Louisiana, giving to Mrs. Randolph, the daughter of Thomas Jefferson, $10,000 in stock, bearing an interest of six per cent. per annum, redeemable in ten years or sooner.

MUD.—*Athanasius Mud, Esq.* offers his services, in a southern paper, as Attorney at Law. Very suitable counsel, we should suppose in *dirty* cases.

The Remains of Allen—It affords us much gratification to state, that the Navy Department have promptly acceded to the request of the common council of Hudson, to have the remains of our fellow citizen, Lieut. William H. Allen, brought from Matanzas to New-York in a public vessel.

A letter from Paris, states that SYKES, who was supposed to have carried off a large amount of money when he fled from the city of New-York, was in a wretched state of poverty, and dependent on a few humane Americans for his food. They were endeavoring to obtain a situation for him as a waiter.

Among the works which were in press in London, in January, was a "History of the Rise and Progress of the States of North America, till the British Revolution in 1768—by James Graham, Esq.

A bill has passed both houses of the Legislature of Maryland to incorporate a company to form a *Rail Road from Baltimore to the Ohio.*

The Legislature of Virginia adjourned on Friday the 9th inst.

MARRIED,

In Perquimans County, on Thursday evening, by Jonathan H. Jacocks, Esq. *Mr.* JAMES FLETCHER to *Miss* GRIZELLE COPELAND, daughter of *Mr.* Jesse Copeland, all of that county.

DIED,

At his residence, in Camden County, on Thursday night last, ENOCH SAWYER, Esq. Collector of the Customs for the District of Camden, aged about 70 years. Mr. S. has held the office of Collector as long or longer than any man in the United States, having received the appointment under Washington, our first President; and he attended to the duties of the office with a fidelity and punctuality that gave general satisfaction.

Mr. Sawyer has left a wife and seven children to mourn the loss of an affectionate husband and indulgent parent, besides a large number of other relatives, friends and acquaintances.

(Communicated.)

In Martin county, on the 26th January, Mrs. MARY ANN SHERROD, consort of Mr. John Sherrod. She has left three children, one of whom was an infant son of four days old, to lament her untimely end.

In the same county, on the 14th of February, Mr. WILLIAM C. BALLARD. The death of this benevolent young man was much lamented by his relations, and his numerous course of acquaintance.

State of the Atmosphere for the week past.

	8 A. M.	12 noon.	4 P. M.
Saturday,	47	50	60
Monday,	60	79	58
Tuesday,	68	70	60
Wednesday,	44	50	48
Thursday,	30	50	50
Friday,	42	52	56

Marine News.

PORT OF ELIZABETH-CITY.

ARRIVED.

16th. Sloop, Wellington, Williams, from Charleston, in ballast.

12th, Schr. Patriot, Wharf, New-York, in ballast.

" Schr. Sarah, Tuck, Charleston, in ballast.

" Schr. Banker, Crocker, 21 days from Martinique via St. Barts salt and molasses to W. Messinger.—Left at Port Royal Feb. 11, hermaprodite brigs Jane, of New Castle, capt. Hopkins, to sail for Wilmington, N. C. in a few days; Mordecai, Foster, to sail in one or two days; Spartan, of Bath, and La Fayette, capt. Blythe; also schrs. Resolution, Curtis, for Wilmington, and Harriet, Pratt, for Savannah in a few days.—Left at St. Barts, schr. Juliet, Bowly, 17 days from Newbern Spoke on the passage home, in lat 25, lon. 68 W. schr. Antelope, Nevins, 8 days from Charleston bound to Martinique.

13th, Schr. Blakely, Earl, Wilmington, N. C. salt to A. Williams.

" Schr. Newcomb, Davis, Savannah, in ballast

" Schr. Fair Play, Linnell, New-York, merchandize to I. Fearing.

DEPARTED.

11th, Schr. Gen. Warren, Vinal, for Charleston, with corn by Wright & Williams.

13th, Schr. Susan, Wright, Savannah, corn by D. Tisdale.

15th, Schr. Rising States, Reid, Charleston, corn by Wright & Williams.

CLEARED.

16th, Schr. William & Frederick, Bright, for Martinique, staves by H. N. Williams.

To sail to-day.

Sloop La Fayette, Cummings, for Taunton, Mass. corn by A. Fobes.

The brig Mary Hart, capt. Simpson, was at St. Pierres Feb. 11 bound to this place.

AMERICAN FARMER.

We wish that every friend of this journal should understand, and that they would have the kindness to make it known, that to *any one* who will procure *four* subscribers, and remit on their account $20, we will send a fifth copy of the American Farmer without charge—*or*, any one who will procure *five* subscribers, will be allowed to retain $5, on his remitting the remaining $20. We beg also to repeat, that all which is necessary to be done by any one wishing to subscribe, is to enclose a five dollar note by mail, at the *risk of, and addressed to "the Editor of the American Farmer, Baltimore"*—and whether the money be received or not, the paper will be forwarded immediately, and the actual receipt of each number of the volume will be guaranteed by the Editor.

The American Farmer is published weekly, by J. S. Skinner, Postmaster of Baltimore, printed on fine paper the size of ordinary newspapers, folded so as to make 8 pages; about one half, or four pages, devoted to practical Agriculture; the remainder to Internal Improvements, Rural and Domestic Economy; selections for housekeepers and female readers, and Natural History & Rural Sports. A minute index and title page to the whole volume is published, and forwarded with the last number of each volume. A single number will be sent to any one who may desire to see a specimen of the publication.

To all Editors who will give the above one or two insertions, we shall feel much indebted, and will gladly reciprocate their kindness.

P. S. The American Farmer is circulated through every State and Territory, and is written for by many of the most distinguished practical Farmers in the Union.

Baltimore, February 28, 1827.

☞FORTUNE☜

With both Hands Full!!!

THE Goddess of the rolling wheel, to whom the devotions of all are avowedly or secretly paid after bestowing with capricious preference, her favors now on one, and now on another. The shrine erected to her worship, in Elizabeth-City, has at last we are credibly informed, determined to honor with her special preference and permanent residence, the Temple newly dedicated to her service.

GORDAN'S

Temple of Fortune.

Merchants who want an increase of capital, mechanics who wish to add, to their stock, which affords a scope to their enterprize; men of leizure and wealth who would increase the means of their beneficence, young men who want the means to support wives, and old men who would add to the provision for their children; females whose sex may prevent their personal pursuits of gainful avocations, but to whom a small investment of FOUR DOLLARS, only, may without exception give a handsome share of the good things of this world; rich men who wish to be richer, and poor men who wish to be rich—these and all other classes of Society to whom TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS, or a more moderate sum, would be an accommodation, are invited to supply themselves at the court of FORTUNE, where their several claims will meet with attention, Shakespeare says:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune."

☞ Flood-tide now at Gordan's New Office, where adventurers may obtain some one or more of the following splendid prizes:

Virginia State Lottery,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE

Dismal Swamp Canal Co.

SIXTH CLASS,

To be drawn at Norfolk,

On Wednesday the 25th of April next.

J. B. YATES & A. M'INTYRE

MANAGERS.

SIXTY NUMBER—COMBINATION LOTTERY—NINE DRAWN BALLOTS.

SCHEME.

1 Prize of	$10,000 is	$10.000
1	4,000	4.000
1	2,500	2.500
1	1,564	1.564
5	1,000	5.000
10	500	5.000
20	200	4.000
45	100	4.500
102	50	5.100
102	20	2.040
1632	8	13.056
11475	4	45.900

Making a grand Total of $102.660

Prizes payable forty days after the drawing, and subject to the usual deduction of fifteen per cent.

PRICE OF TICKETS.

Whole Tickets	$4	Quarters	$1
Halves	2		

☞ Orders from the country, (free of postage) will meet with prompt attention if addressed to

Wm. D. Gordan.

AUCTION SALES!

Will be Sold

To the highest bidder, without reserve, in parcels to suit those who buy to sell again,

IN ELIZABETH-CITY, at the Store lately occupied by J. A. Armistead, & Co. on *Monday, Tuesday* and *Wednesday* next, commencing at 10 o'clock on each day,

An exclusive invoice of

Hardware, Cutlery, Fancy Goods, Tin Ware, Combs, &c.

—VIZ:—

Pen and pocket Knives, drawing do. shoe do. Knives and Forks,
Razors, razor Strops, Shaving Soap, (in boxes,) Pomatum,
Essence Peppermint, Lemon, &c.
Opodeldoc, British, Wormwood and Antique Oil,
Silver, brass and steel Thimbles,
Combs, a great variety, embracing an assortment of 500 doz. of various kinds of Shell, Horn, Ivory, &c.
200 gross of Buttons, various kinds, assorted,
500 do. Button Moulds, do.
12 doz. Cotton Cards, No 8 and 10,
Table and Tea Spoons—Necklace and Beads,
Hair, cloth, shaving and hearth Brushes,
Violin Strings, Snuff Boxes, Pocket Books,
12 doz. Tooth Brushes—Knitting Pins,
Pad, chest, trunk and cupboard Locks,
Awl blades, shoe Tacks, ✂ cut and pit saw Files,
Pound Pins (in boxes,)
10,000 Needles, 10,000 Fish Hooks,
10 quarter boxes Spanish Cigars—12 doz. Curry Combs,
Gig Whips, (superior quality,) Walking Canes,
5000 Marbles, 10,000 gun Flints,
Pocket Glasses, Slate and lead Pencils,
Toy and song Books, Playing Cards,
Coffee Mills, Ink-stands, Ink Powder,
Liquor Cocks.

With a great Assortment of Tin Ware, consisting in part of

15 dozen Coffee Pots, assorted sizes,
Measures and Funnels of all sizes,
Tin pans of all sizes,
10 dozen pint, 12 do. half pint, and 20 do. toy cups,

A lot of Japaned Ware, and a great variety of other articles, too numerous to mention.

Terms of sale, six months credit on all sums over $100, four months on all sums over $20 and not exceeding $100, and all sums under $20 cash.

Joseph T Allyn.

Elizabeth-City, March 17.

Will be Sold

AT PUBLIC AUCTION

On the Wharf of H. N. Williams, on Saturday the 24th inst. at 12 o'clock, the new Schooner, built by James H. Holmes, burthen about 85 tons.—Terms six and twelve months with approved security.

Charles R Kinney.

Elizabeth-City, March 17. *Lt*

NOTICE.

The Subscriber expecting to remove from this State in a few weeks, requests all persons having claims against him by Notes, Bonds or Accounts, to present them by the first of next month for settlement. Also, those indebted to him, are hereby notified to make payment agreeable to contract.

BENJAMIN PRITCHARD.

Pasquotank County, March 17. *Bt*

H. AMES,

DENTIST,

Will be in Elizabeth-City on Monday the 19th inst. and probably continue there one week for the purpose of practising his profession. He may be found at the *City Hotel*, when he will with pleasure wait upon those who may favor him with their patronage. The most unexceptionable evidence of his professional capacity will be exhibited to all who may request it.

March 17. *Bt*

Bills of Lading and Shipping Articles for sale at this Office.

POETRY.

Poems, Composed for the Star,
BY BENJAMIN S. BULFINCH.

The Printer.

Who is it toils from morn to night,
Impairing his intellect and sight,
That others may obtain delight?
The Printer.

Who studies for the public mind,
Scanning Philosophy refin'd,
And to his Patron's e'er is kind?
The Printer.

Who foremost stands in Virtue's cause,
Maintaining Liberty and the Laws,
And who disdains all vain applause?
The Printer.

Who makes the "public will his *guide*,"
And does by Truth full oft abide,
To vindicate his country's pride?
The Printer.

He deals alone in private *rules*,
That cannot be describ'd by fools,
Altho' not learned in the schools,
The Printer.

Who is't that spreads his weekly sheet,
With news and politic's fill'd complete,
To every man an ample treat?
The Printer.

Who studies oft the mystic *stars*,
Foretelling feats of bloody wars,
The trade of tyrants, and of Mars?
The Printer.

Who at the *case* must constant *stand*,
With face demure, and conscience bland,
Setting his *type* with steady hand?
The Printer.

Who never craves the "loves and fishes,"
But oft receives the empty dishes,
A compound of good and bad wishes?
The Printer.

Then, Reader, pay him up his dues,
Who punctual, furnishes the news,
You never should your aid refuse
To Printers.

☞ *The words in Italics are technical.*

The Oak Trees,

A NEW SONG—AIR, GILDEROY.

Near Pasquotank's smooth rolling stream,
Two Oaks in grandeur stood;
Their tow'ring majesty supreme,
Adorn'd the neigh 'ring wood!
For ages there, they form'd a shade,
In Summer's sultry hours;
Beneath them sat the rural maid,
Charm'd with her speckled flow'rs.

And in their branches Red birds sang,
Pleas'd at the cool retreat!
While Echo thro' the forest rang,
To pause there, oft my feet
In extacy did often rove,
I inhal'd the morning dew!
But now deserted is the grove,
Where these Oak trees grew!

Some ruthless hand has fell'd the trees,
Destroy'd the beauteous scene!
Like Death, forever prone to seize
Beauty, that sacred mien!
May he, who cut these Oaks in twain,
Be bath'd in Lethe's wave;
Never to be restored again,
Among the good and brave.

Elizabeth-City, March 17, 1827.

SELECTED.

THE CHRISTIAN's HOME.

'Tis sweet, when woe the bosom wrings,
And tears the cheek bedew—
When pain its torturing arrow wings,
A Saviour's cross to view.

When false the joy's of earth have prov'd,
And Hope deludes no more;
When cold turf hides the friend belov'd,
'Tis sweet our prayer to pour—

Low kneeling o'er their grave, while Faith
Illumes the mourner's eye,
And all around, the beds of death
Instruct us where to lie.

'Tis sweet with patience here to sigh,
And feel our sins forgiven—
Sweet, when the world recedes, to fly,
And find a home in Heaven.

THERMOMETER AT NINETY.

I wish I had a quart of punch—
Of ice a half a pound;
Into the punch the ice I'd launch,
And stir it round and round.

And when I'd stirred it round and round,
And cool'd it to my mind,
I'd lift the cup and drink it up,
Nor leave a drop behind.

Doctor Dry-as-Dust.

MEMORY.

To him who shuddereth to see
Past years in folly spent;
To him, indeed, O! Memory,
Thou art a demon sent.

But he who feareth not to pass
His own heart's strict review,
While runs the sands of life's brief glass.
Shall find a friend in you. [*Boston Bard.*

EPIGRAM.

Honest Pat, if the Devil his choice had to make,
Which of us two do you think he'd take?
Why 'tis me, to be sure, he'd carry away,
Your honor, he knows, he could have any day.

Solution to the Charade last week—A GIG WHIP

MISCELLANEOUS.

SELECTED.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

The Bridal Day.

When the heart has been made to beat with painful emotions—when the breast has been made to heave with the sigh of despondency, and the tear of grief has been found silently trickling down the face of the agonized parent, child or lover—how sorrowful, yet how instructive the task to call the scattered senses home, and look back to younger days and review the past scenes and incidents of our life. Perhaps some have been the witness of the departure of a revered father to the world of spirits—some with silent grief have been attendant daughters upon a kind and affectionate mother, who was about leaving this world of probation to surrender herself into the hands of her heavenly Maker; how many have wept as they have caught the last sound of their exhausted voice blessing them, and exhorting them to pursue the path of rectitude and virtue—how oft have the solemn sounds from a dying bed knelled in our ears the solemn truth, that we must all die—how oft have we been suddenly alarmed at the sorrowing intelligence of a much loved friend's decease—and ah! how overwhelming has been the shock, to be present when the soul of a lover's mistress wings its way to heaven—when you catch the last sigh and feel the last throb of that pulse which beat with so much fervour—these reflections were brought to my mind, by the recollection of the following tale:

On Little River was the residence of an English gentleman who left his native country, for the purpose of burying in the solitudes of the American wilds the cause of his unhappy grief—he had lost a fond and affectionate wife, and the memory of her whom he had loved so dearly preyed upon his mind and threatened such serious consequences, that his friends after much persuasion induced him to leave his country, and take with him his only child, (a daughter of 14,) and settle on the shores of the above named stream. Here in this happy seclusion did he watch with parental solicitude o'er the expanding mind of his lovely child—he spent his many leisure hours in teaching her by his precepts, and assisting by his knowledge in all the useful branches of education. Thus employed, both with the improvement of his daughter, and the cultivation of his small farm, the excess of his grief gradually wore away. He had the satisfaction to see his child grow up in innocence and worth; he would trace with fond remembrance, (as the big tear stood in his eyes,) a strong and striking resemblance to her mother—her form was so delicately moulded, and her eyes so beautifully mild, that she seemed more like a fairy of the imagination, than a being of existence. At this interesting period of Mary's life, a circumstance occurred, that introduced into this quiet family an inmate. She was one day strolling along the shores of the river and admiring the rocky scenery of this place—above her was the remarkable and romantic cataract of Little River, a rock 10 or 12 feet in perpendicular height extended quite across the channel of the river—over this the whole river pitched its volume of water in one entire sheet, upon a bed of rocks below—at the bottom of the perpendicular fall the rocks were curiously excavated by the constant pouring of the water—the smoothness of the water above its descent, the regularity and beauty of the perpendicular fall, and the craggy towering cliff which impends the whole, were indiscribably delightful and majestic. Mary had seated herself upon the projection of a rock, and was indulging in the reveries of thought. She was comparing the stormy passage of life to the foaming element that came thundering at her feet, with the most violent agitation from above, and then calmly glided to the ocean of Eternity. At this moment casting her eyes upwards, she beheld a canoe guided by one person, glide over the perpendicular precipice—a chilling feeling of horror ran through her as she saw the frail bark dashing down the cataract—and overwhelmed by the deluge of waters, it passed from her sight—her nerves were unable to bear longer this shock and sank down motionless. The canoe directed by a more able and experienced hand than Mary had conceived, was seen at a little distance emerging from behind the thick shelves of rocks, perfectly poised and manned by the same hardy adventurer, who had so boldly dashed down the cataract. Mary, upon recovering, looked wildly round her, exclaiming, "he is lost—I saw the waves cover him, and he sunk to rise no more."

The stranger knowing the recent sight had shocked her nerves, quietly conducted her to her father, and begged permission that he might be allowed to call on the following day—his request was granted. Mary continued to talk a little wandering until evening, then falling into a calm sleep, she rose next morning with renovated strength, and heard thankfully the particulars of the preceding day; she learned also, that the stranger had obtained permission to visit the house on that day—this to her was a fruitful source of conjecture. She had always been secluded from society, and had been taught by her over solicitous father not to trust to the protestations of men; notwithstanding this, she found herself adjusting with rather more care than usual, the different articles of her dress, and when she went down to attend her father in his afternoon walks, he joked her on the coming of the stranger. As Mary was pointing to her father the place where the canoe had been yesterday hurried over the falls, they were joined by their visitor; he congratulated Mary on her recovery, and hoped he should never again be the cause of giving her any more alarm—the manners of the stranger were pleasing—he appeared to be about 25 years of age, of a lofty and commanding person; his conversation was interesting and instructive, and seemed to be more particularly directed to Mary. The father was pleased with his society, and invited him at his departure, to call again. Visit was renewed upon visit, until Mary's blushing cheek told the secret of her love—and the no less arduous youth showed, by the warmth of his attachment, that his heart was commanded by another; the happy bridal day was fixed, when before the altar of Hymen this happy pair were to sacrifice for better or for worse. But who can stay the shaft of Death, or resist the power of disease, or the influence of affliction? Not one. Mary had inherited from the mother an incurable malady—her disease was of so deceptive a kind, that at one time she seemed to enjoy perfect health, whilst at another she was apparently in the lowest stage of the consumption. As the day drew nigh that was to unite her to the man she loved, this change in the character of Mary's complaint assumed a more dangerous appearance than formerly—she became languid and enfeebled, and was carried to bed pale, exhausted—her faithful lover hung o'er her, and ministered to her wants—he watched beside her with anguished heart and harrowed feelings—now could his countenance be seen brightening with hope and joy, when he saw the hectic glow upon her pallid cheek; but when the blushing rose gave way to the white lilly, then would his heart sink within him. Let us draw near this bed of sickness and contemplate the dying scene. "Father," exclaimed the angelic girl, "I go to meet the bridegroom in heaven; he came when we least expected; the summons was delivered, and I trust I have had my lamp trimmed and burning. Weep not, expected partner of my life, in this world there are many trials and tribulations; I love, and respect you, and with my dying lips I would point to heaven, and would exhort you to gain admittance through your Redeemer. Farewell, ye who have collected this day to see the solemnization of my marriage; I leave you in the flower and bloom of my youth, and instead of seeing me sacrifice at the altar of Hymen, you will find me gone before the judgment seat of heaven, and my poor body clothed in its winding sheets. Farewell, my disconsolate parent; draw near that I may kiss you once more; and you my affianced bridegroom, approach, that I may take a last look this side the grave---I go. May heaven bless you all," were her last dying words.

Recipe for Finishing a Young Lady.

Take a daughter of a person who has some money, but not much information, and if she be an only child, so much the better for your purpose. Stuff her up with plumb-cake and praise till she is nine; then teach her the horn-book, and let her practise for 3 or 4 years at such reading as may be selected for her by Mary the Maid of all work; the said Mary taking especial care that Miss is her confidante in all her little matters in the sweet-hearting line. When she enters her 13th year, send her to Miss Diddlefadget's "Establishment" to be finished. Here she must read a little and spell some, but avoid every thing like grammar as a vulgarity and a plague. Put her up to "wooly woo" parley-woo a little, and she is Frenchified. Strum her up six octaves and a half of the *pianar*, and down again, and make her look charming at the harp, and she is musi-ked. Inform her that Tamerlane succeeded Charles the Twelfth as Emperor of China, and that Julius Cæsar defeated Oliver Cromwell on the banks of the Macquarrie river in Nova Zembla, and she is historified. Tell her that Chimborraco is a great salt lake in Siberia, and that the Po is a burning mountain in Arabia Felix, and let her give a whirl or two to the globe, and point out the longitude of the Arctic Pole, and the latitude of the equator, and she is geographied. Make her waltz for three hours in a week with a French valet out of place, and she is attitudinized. The other accomplishments may be obtained for money, without any exertion on her part. So much for "heddication."

MAXIM---Religion, in its native purity, is ever essential to our happiness, as a messenger of grace and angelic love.

The Newspapers—There is no gratification (says the Village Record,) so useful and agreeable, which can be obtained at a price so moderate, as a newspaper. To have a full sheet of paper handed you every week, for a few dollars, for a whole year—detailing all the most important events that happen in the world, stating to you the measures of your government—the conduct of your public functionaries—the movements of your army and navy—useful discoveries—marriages and deaths—essays, political, moral and humorous—poetry—advertisements: What a mass of matter!

But their usefulness in a family where there are children, is particularly observable. Let one family take a paper, and another be without one—let the children, in every other particular, have the same opportunities of education, and it may be distinctly observed, that those who have the chance to see the paper, are far the most intelligent, and improve much the more rapidly. A good newspaper is almost equal to a school. A thousand facts, useful and pleasant to know, are learned and treasured up, and the person can hardly tell where he obtained them. There is scarcely an intelligent man of 35, who cannot tell you all the material events of the French Revolution, and the history of Bonaparte. Where was it learned? From the newspapers, almost exclusively.

Suppose newspapers were to be struck out of existence, what a cloud of thick darkness would rest upon us! Notwithstanding all the other sources of information remained to us, and the art of printing books continued, we should still grope our way in comparative ignorance. And if the newspapers are not sufficiently valuable to file, they are nevertheless, worth half the cost—to put up garden seeds for the women—to cut out patterns for the girls—to wrap up papers for the lawyer—to light segars for the tavern keeper—to roll up tobacco for the merchant, or to make kites for the boys. Who then would not take a newspaper? And it might be added, who would refuse to pay for it.

From the Greensborough Patriot.

"I CAN QUIT WHEN I CHOOSE."

These words have, perhaps, done more mischief in the world than can be conceived. Youths, just entering the threshold of life, with the bright anticipation of their friends, allured by the syren *pleasure*, with the sparkling cup in her hand, although sensible of the dark abyss yawning at their feet, too often stifle the disagreeable monitions of conscience and friends, with the sophistical and false consolation, "I can quit when I choose." Alas! link by link, is the chain forging, which soon is to bind such unfortunate youths, and bid defiance to their noblest resolutions. All the crimes in the earth do not destroy so many of the human race, nor alienate so much property as drunkenness. It expels reason—drowns the memory—is the beggar's companion--and the true and only cause of the vast increase of crime in the world. There is certainly no character which appears so despicable and destructive as that of a drunkard; he displays every little spot in his soul in its utmost deformity.

When once the youth becomes a devotee at the shrine of Bacchus, and fond of his libations, it is time for him to think. Let him not lull his conscience with the delusive idea of "quitting when he chooses," but take a noble and firm stand, from that moment to cease indulging in his cup, and shut those cemeteries of morals and reputation with which our country unhappily abounds.

Drunkenness, that fell destroyer of mind and morals, has elicited the exhortation of the preacher—the pen of the moralist—the war of the physician—the pleadings of wife and children with tears in their eyes—the remonstration of parents, and the yawning of the grave—but all will not do. It has reached an awful and alarming height—it daily increases. It is known to require an extraordinary and noble firmness of heart to resist its blandishments and alurements. Is it then the temptation you are so easily to withstand, and the habits you are "to quit when you choose?" Ah! no, my dear young friends, hearken to my advice; when the seductive goblet is offered to your lips, think not that you will once more sip the liquid poison, because you "can quit when you choose," but consider that the cup may probably be the one that will establish that habit with you, which you will never be able thereafter to conquer, and dash the proffered cup with indignation to the ground.

Female Temper—"It is particularly necessary for girls to acquire command of temper, because much of the effect of their powers of reasoning and of their wit, when they grow up, depend upon the gentleness and grace humour with which they conduct themselves. A woman who should attempt to thunder with her tongue would not find her eloquence increasing her domestic happiness. We do not wish that women should implicitly yield their better judgment to their fathers or husbands; but let them support the cause of reason, with all the graces of female gentleness.

"A man in a furious passion, is terrible to his enemies; but *a woman in a passion*, is disgusting to her friends; she loses all respect due to her sex, and she has not masculine strength & courage to enforce any other kind of respect. These circumstances should be considered by those who advise that no difference should be made in the education of the two sexes. The happiness and influence of women, both as wives and mothers, and indeed, in every relation, so much depends on their temper, that it ought to be most carefully cultivated. We should not suffer girls to imagine that they can balance *ill humor* by some good quality or accomplishment; because, in fact, there are none which can supply the *want of temper* in the female sex."

The following Receipt is copied from a late English paper:

Lemon Mince Pies—Squeeze a large lemon, boil the outside till tender enough to beat to a mass, add to it 3 large apples chopped, and 4 ounces of suet, half a pound of currants, and 4 ounces of sugar; put the juice of the lemon and candied fruits as for other pies. Make short crust, and fill the patty-pans as usual.

To Married Ladies—If you see any imperfections in your husbands, (which is probable enough,) do not pride yourselves on your penetration in discovering them, but in your forbearance in not pointing them out; strive to show *no superiority* but in *good temper*.

A Full Spouse—Capt. J observed that his wife was possessed of five fulls—that she was beautifull, dutifull, youthfull, plentifull, and an *arm-full*.

SELECTED FOR THE STAR.

It rarely happens that intelligence of a death is communicated by the defunct himself; this however happened at the town of ——, in Suffolk, some time since. A letter of which the following is nearly a literal copy, was received by the relations of a brick-layer, who was employed at a town in Ireland when the event it announced took place.

"Dear mother, Mrs. M——, that I live with wishes me to tell you that I am ded, and am burid in the churchyard of Saint Nikolas in this place. I took the small pox, of which I dide a fortnite sinse tho the people that I live with did all they could for me, ther was no help dere mother—give my watch to my dear brother George with my kind love to him I hope he will be good to you for my sake you will have it with what I am now owing, and my money I told the peple to keep for there trubble tel George to be a good boy, and I agen send my kind love to you all, so dere mother I now bid you good by. your unfortunate son, ——."

This strange epistle which the poor fellow had the courage to write originated in the ignorance of writing which the people he lodged with labored under, and they begged he would write a few lines to his mother when there was no hopes of recovery.

Mr. Kenny the popular dramatist, the other day in drinking a glass of wine inadvertently swallowed some small substance floating on the surface, which nearly choaked him—a friend seeing his distress, and being anxious to proclaim to his companion the sad state of the case exclaimed—"It is Cork gone the wrong way." "I don't know whether it is the wrong way to Cork," said a wag who was present, "but it seems to be a very likely way to *Kill-Kenny*.

Pride—When a proud man speaks, fools are obedient.